

## His Love Will Carry Me.

Though from my gaze earth's light is fading fast,  
Yet from the gathering darkness doth arise  
A land, in solemn beauty unsurpassed,  
Opening before mine eyes.

I see the goodly city clearer grow,  
With jasper walls and pearl gates opening  
wide;  
Lo! from its tower a heavenly strain doth flow,  
And over me doth glide.

There dwell the saints of old, who yearned to see  
Those tearless mansions! and through fiery  
flame  
Have passed triumphant, bearing willingly  
The cross for his dear name.

And other blessed sights I see, too fair  
For mortal tongue to say; the voice grows  
cold,  
And vainly tries those glories to declare,  
Which now to me unfold!

But faintest, brightest to mine eye doth rise  
The Lamb once slain, in glorious beauty  
crowned;  
Wiping away the tears from weeping eyes,  
Healing His people's wound,

There, O beloved ones, my place shall be,  
Close by His side, in deepest love to sweep  
My golden harp-strings through eternity,  
In songs so full and deep!

Say, would you wish me back again from this  
All-blessed life? Nay, let your tears cease;  
He calleth me at last to rest and bliss,  
Let me depart in peace.

—Golden Hour.

## PETER CONNELL'S OATH.

### AN IRISH CHARACTER SKETCH.

Peter Connell first began the world as the keeper of a shebeen house, about four miles from the town of Ballyporeen; by active exertion he gradually advanced in the world, and at last arrives at the dignity of a squire, at least so far as to be able to keep a horse and car, and to farm an extensive tract of land. This advance in the world is to be mainly attributable to the good sense and activity of his wife Ellish, whose industry and steadiness have been the means of correcting Peter's unsettled and wandering habits, and of almost weaning him from pot. Unfortunately for Peter, at this period, his wife is carried off by a fever, and he is left without the ballast which enabled him to stand the storms and tempests of life. He was now his own master; and as he felt the loss of his wife deeply, he unhappily had recourse to the bottle to bury the recollection of a woman, whose death left a chasm in his heart, which he thought nothing but whiskey could fill up.

Peter proceeds in this manner, having become a habitual drunkard, his health rapidly declining under the artificial excitement which "often kills but never cures" his family and his landlord remonstrating with him, but in vain; as a "dernier resort" the priest is applied to, whose remonstrances would have been ineffectual, had he not threatened to stop the masses for the soul of Mrs. Ellish Connell, and to return the money Peter had given him for saying them—the latter part of the threat is that which would probably have never been executed. In consequence of the priest's interference, Peter at last promises to swear against more than a "reasonable share," and that evening goes to the house of the village schoolmaster to get the pledge drawn up.

"Misther O'Flaherty," said Peter, "I'm comin' to ax a request of you, an' hope you'll grant it to me. I brought down a sup in the flask, an' while we're takin' it, we can talk over what I want."

"If it be anything within the circumference of my power, set it down, Misther Connell, as already operated upon, I'd dip a pen to no man keepin' books by double entry, which is the Italian method invented by Pope Gregory the Great. The three sets bear a theological ratio to the three states of a thrice Christian. 'The Waste book,' says Pope Gregory, 'is this world, the Journal is purgatory, an' the Ledger is heaven.' Or it may be compared," he says, in the preface of the work, 'to the three states of the Catholic Church—the church militant, the church suffering, and the church triumphant.' The larin' of that man was beyant the reach of credibility."

"Arrah, have you a small glass, mather? You see, Misther O'Flaherty, it's consarnin' purgatory, this that I want to talk to you about."

"Nancy, get us a glass—oh, here it is! Thin if it be, it's a wrang enthy in the journal."

"Here's your health, mather!—not forgetting you, Mrs. O'Flaherty. No, indeed thin, it's not in the journal, but an oath I'm goin' to take against liquor."

"Nothing is asier to post than it is. We must enter it under the head of—let me see—it must go in the spirit account, under the head of profit an' loss. Your good health, Mr. Connell!—Nancy, I drink to your improvement in imperturbability!—Yes, it must be entered under the—"

"Faix, under the rose, I think," observed Peter, "don't you know the smack of it? You see since I tuck to it, I like the smell of what I used to squeeze out o' the barley myself, long ago. Misther O'Flaherty, I only want you to draw up an oath against liquor for me; but it's not for the books, good or bad. I promised to Father Mulcahy that I'd do it. It's regardin' my poor Ellish's soul that's in purgatory."

"Nancy, hand me a slate and cutler. Faith that same's a provident resolution; but how is it an' purgatory concatenated? 'The priest, you see, won't go on wid the masses for her till I take the oath.' 'That's but wake logic, if you ped him for them.'"

"Faix, an' I did—an' well too; but about the oath? Have you the pencil?"

"I have; jist lave the thing to me."

"Ay, mather—you don't understand it yit. Put down two tumbler for me at home."

"How is that, Master Connell? It's

# The Deaf-Blind's Journal.

"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."—CICERO.

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mysterious, if you're about to swear against liquor!"

"I am. Put down as I said, two tumbler for me at home. Are they down?"

"They are down; but—"

"Ay!—very good! Put down two more for me at Dan's. Let me see—two more behind the garden. Well, put down one at Father Mulcahy's—two more at Frank Carroll's of Kileay. How many's that?"

"Nine!!!"

"Very good. Now put down one w'd ould Bartle Gorman of Nurchasy; an' two over wid Michael Morris of Cargah. How many have you now?"

"Twelve in all!!! But, Misther Connell, there's a demonstration badly wanted here. I must confess I was always bright, but at present as dark as Nox. I'd thank you for a taste of explanation."

"Ay, man alive! Is there twelve in all?"

"Twelve in all; I've calculated it."

"Well, well! hould to that. Och, och! I'm sure, avourneen, afore I'd let you suffer one minute's pain, I'd not scruple to take an oath against liquor, any way. He may an' wid the masses now for you, as soon as he likes. Mr. O'Flaherty will you put it down on paper, an' I'll swear to it, wid a blessin', to-morrow."

"But what object do you wish to effectuate by this?"

"You see, mather, I drink one day wid another from a score to two dozen tumbler, an' I want to swear to no more nor twelve in twenty-four hours."

"Why treat's the intelligibility in that!"

"Wid great pleasure Mr. Connell, I'll indite it. Katty tare me a lafe out o' Brian Murphy's copy there."

"You see, mather, it's for Ellish's sake I'm doing this. State that in the oath."

"I know it; an' well she deserved that specimen of abstinence from you, Misther Connell. Thank you, your health agin! an' God grant you grace and fortitude to go through wid the same oath! An' so he will, or I'm grievously mistaken in you."

### OATH AGAINST LIQUOR.

Made by Mr. Cornelius O'Flaherty, Philomath, on behalf of Misther Peter Connell, of the Crossroads, merchant, on one part, and of the soul of Mrs. Ellish Connell, now in purgatory, merchantess, on the other—

I solemnly, and meritoriously, and soberly swear, that a single tumbler of whiskey punch shall not cross my lips during the twenty-four of the day, barring twelve, the locality of which is as followeth:

Imprimis—Two tumbler at home, 2

Secundo—Two more ditto at my son Dan's, 2

Tertio—Two more ditto behind my garden, 2

Quarto—One ditto at the Rev. Father Mulcahy's, 1

Quinto—Two more ditto at Frank Carroll's of Kileay, 2

Sexto—One ditto wid ould Bartle Gorman of Nurchasy, 1

Septimo—Two more ditto wid Michael Morris, of Cargah, 2

N. B.—I except in case any Docther of Physic might think it right and medical to order more for my health; or in case I might get Father Mulcahy to take the oath off for a start, at a wedding or a christening or at any other meeting of friends, where there's drink.

his

PETER X CONNELL,

mark.

Witness present,

Cornelius O'Flaherty, Philomath.

Juno the 4th, 18—

I certify that I have made and calculated this oath for Misther O'Connell, merchant, and that it is strictly and arithmetically proper and correct.

CORNELIUS O'FLAHERTY, Philomath.

Dated this fourth of June, 18—.

In spite of this oath to which Peter swears obedience—after adding "octavo"; one more tumbler out of respect for dacent Andy Cavanaugh, 1; he is still constantly drunk, and after some time is obliged again to have recourse to Mr. O'Flaherty.

"Misther," said he, "we must try and make the oath somethin' plainer. You see, when I get confused, I'm not able to remember things as I ought. Sometimes, instead of one tumbler I take two at the wrong place; an' I'm sorry to say, but I've called in and had three wid one Jack Rogers, that isn't in it at all; so I'd thank you to draw it clearer, if you can, nor it was."

"I see, Connell, I comprehend wid the greatest ease in life, the very plan for it. We must reduce the oath to geography, for I'm at home there, being a surveyor myself. I'll lay down a map of the parish, an' draw the houses of your friends at their places, so that you'll never be out of your latitude at all."

"Faix, I doubt that Mather—ha, ha, ha!" replied Peter, "I'm afraid I'll have an odd time, for I'm not able to carry what I used to do; but no matter; try what you can do for me this time any how, I think I could bear a long dozen still, if I don't make mistakes."

O'Flaherty accordingly set himself to work; and as his knowledge, not only

of the parish, but of every person and house in it, was accurate, he soon had a tolerably correct skeleton map of it drawn for Peter's use.

"Now, see this dot—that's your own house."

"Put a crass there," said Peter, "an' thin I'll know its the crass roads."

"Upon my reputation, you're right, an' that's what I call a good specimen of ingenuity. I'll take the hint from that, and we will make it a hieroglyphical as well as a geographical oath. Well, there's a crass, wid two tumbler—is that clear?"

"It is, it is! Go an'."

"Now, here we draw a line to your son Dan's. Let me see: he keeps a mill and sells cloth. Very good. I'll draw a mill-wheel and a yard wad. There's two tumbler. Will you know that?"

"I see it—go an, nothin' can be clearer. So far I can't go astray."

"Well, what next? two behind your own garden. What's a metaphor for a garden? Let me see!—let me cogitate! A dragon—the Hesperides! That's beyant you. A bit of a hedge will do it."

"Don't put a gate in; it's not lucky. You know when a man takes to drink they say he's goin' a grey gate, or a black gate, or a bad gate. Put that out, an' make the hedge longer, an' it'll do—wid the two tumbler, though."

"They're down; one at the Reverend Father Mulcahy's. How will we translate the priest?"

"Faix, I doubt it will be a difficult business."

"Upon my reputation I agree with you in that, especially when he repates Latin. However, we'll see. He writes P. P. after his name; pee-pee is what we call the turkeys wid. What'd you think of two turkeys?"

"The priest w'd like them roasted, but I couldn't understand that. No; put down the sign of the horsewhip or the cudgel, for he's handy and argues well wid both."

"Good! I'll put down the horsewhip first, an' the cudgel alongside of it; then the tumbler, an' there'll be the sign of the priest."

"Ay, do, Mather, and faix the priest 'll be complete; there can be no mistaken him thin. Divil a one but that's a good thought!"

"There it is in black an' white. Who comes next? Frank Carroll. He's a farmer. I'll put down a spade and harrow. Well that's done. Two tumbler."

"I won't mistake that either; it's clear enough."

"Bartle Gorman of Nurchasy. Bartle's a little lame, an' uses a staff wid a cross on the end that he holds in his hand. I'll put down a staff wid a cross on it."

"Wud there be no danger to me mistaken for the priest's cudgel?"

"Not the slightest. I'll pledge my knowledge of geography, they're two very different weapons."

"Well, put it down, I'll know it."

"Michael Morris, of Cargah. What for him? Michael's a pig driver—I'll put down a pig. You'll comprehend that."

"I ought; for many a pig I sold him in my day. Put down the pig; an' if you could put two black spots upon his back, I'd know it to be one I sold him about four years ago—the fattest ever was in the country; it had to be brought home on a car, for it wasn't able to walk wid fat."

"The spots are on it. The last is Andy Cavanaugh, of Lisby. Now do you see, I've drawn a line from place to place, so that you've nothing to do only to keep to it as you go. What for Andy?"

"Andy! let us see. Andy! Pooch! What's come over me that I've nothin' for Andy! Ay! I have it. He's a horse jockey. Put down a grey mare I sold him about five years ago."

"I'll put down a horse; but I can't make a grey mare wid black ink."

"Well, make a mare of her, anyway."

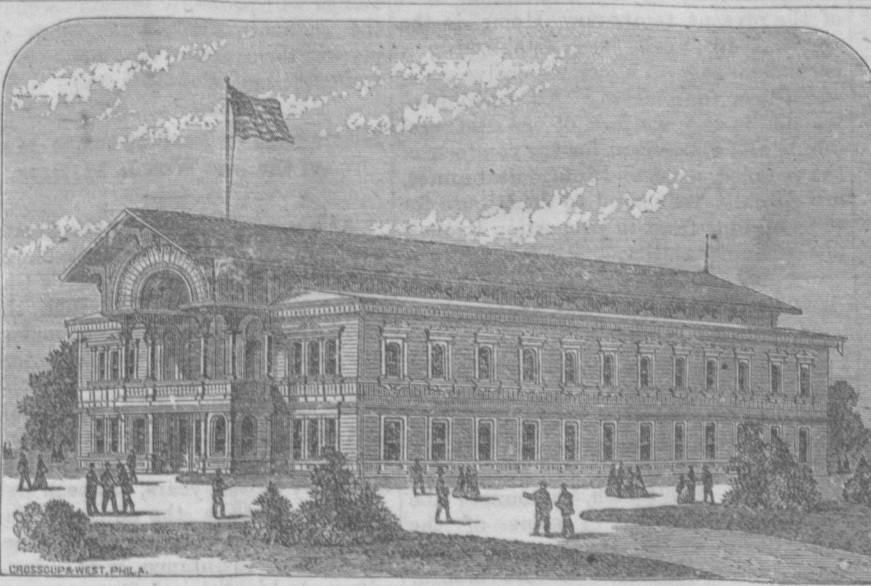
"Faith, that puzzles me. Stop, I have it! I'll put a foal along wid her."

"As good as the bank. God bless you, Misther O'Flaherty; an' think this'll keep me from mistakes. An' now, if you'll slip up to me after dark, I'll send you down a couple of bottles and a ditch. Sure you deserve it after the trouble you tuck."

The following plea for the tramp tribe appears in an exchange, "Tramps are men who go from place to place through the country, gathering and disseminating, of course, a great amount of useful information; relying mainly upon the public hospitality for their temporary maintenance, never wearing out their welcome by a long sojourn in one place, never interfering in politics, carefully and conscientiously abstaining from any agitation of the labor question in any of its phases."

A minister, while marrying a couple of his rustic parishioners, felt exceedingly disconcerted on his asking the bridegroom if he was willing to take the woman for his wedded wife, by his scratching his head and saying, "Ay, I'm wullin', but I'd rather had her sister."

Southern Californian girls scorn to wear striped stockings. They go barefooted.



THE NEWSPAPER PAVILION.

At the Centennial grounds in Philadelphia, a building has been constructed to be used solely for an exhibition of newspapers. It occupies a conspicuous position near the miniature lake, on a line between the United States Government Building and Machinery Hall.

The plan of exhibition is an alphabetical arrangement of partial files of each newspaper or periodical in such a manner as makes them instantly accessible; the space devoted to each bearing a label with the name of the periodical printed thereon, and further designated by a number, by means of which a stranger upon reference to his catalogue is able at once to approach the section of the building where the particular journal which he desires to examine or refer to may be found.

The cases containing these files form alcoves similar to those in public libraries for the arrangement of books; these alcoves forming long tiers, one on each side of the building throughout its entire length, a portion of the space between being reserved for the accommodation of attendants, leaving a passage way for the public eighteen feet in width extending from one end of the structure to the other.

The second story, approached by four flights of stairs, is devoted to reading rooms for the accommodation more especially of newspaper men, and supplied with conveniences for correspondents.

A catalogue giving the name of each newspaper, its frequency of issue, and the number which designates the position allotted to it, together with such statistical information as will serve to convey a comprehensive knowledge of the nature and extent of the business of newspaper publishing in America, is issued in a compact form, not differing very much in size and appearance from the Official Catalogues of the four departments of the principal exhibition.

Mr. Geo. P. Rowell, of New York, assumes the management and control of the enterprise.

For the suggestion of this Exhibition of Journalism in the full and complete manner proposed, the press and public are indebted to Gen'l Jos. R. Hawley, President of the Centennial Commission, himself a newspaper man of large experience and advanced views, who knows better than most men that in this particular interest the United States are not only in advance of any other country, but that they furnish more and better papers, having a larger aggregate circulation, than those of all the other nations of the world combined.

The building is of timber, and very neat. It has a length of 67 feet, with a width of 46 feet, and a total height of 33 feet. From the exterior it appears to be in two stories, but the centre of the building is only one story, and is a very fine chamber with ample light and space. The whole is arranged with that precision and mastery over details which have gained for Mr. Rowell his celebrity as a business man. The alcoves are fairly lighted by windows which occupy the entire space between them, so that there is no difficulty in obtaining the wished-for file if the directions furnished are followed. The height of the side chambers, where these alcoves are placed is eight feet, and over them are the numerous galleries, where numerous desks are placed. Nothing can be simpler or more efficacious than this system, which undoubtedly is the best that could have been devised. The galleries are lighted by rows of windows corresponding to those in the alcoves below, and by the large transom windows at each end. In the facade this window is set back from the gable roof about five feet, and a very effective ornamentation of radiating, incised planking is introduced, which relieves very pleasantly the simplicity of the structure. The interior is perfectly ventilated by a large lantern roof, and therefore the building deserves the praise of being thoroughly lighted, thoroughly ventilated, and of being admirably arranged for the desired purpose. It may not be so ornamental as some of the structures that will be neighbors to it, but it yields to none in fitness and desirability.

### Literary Notices.

SCRIBNER FOR JUNE.—In Scribner for June Mrs. Rebecca Harding Davis's description of some "Old Landmarks in Philadelphia" is accompanied by over thirty illustrations. "How America was Named" is another illustrated historical paper, in which is shown the origin of the false claims put forth in behalf of Vespucci. Clarence Cook's fifth paper on furniture and decoration is illustrated with pictures of dining-tables, the "last sweet thing in corners," chairs, candelabras, etc., etc. Charles Barnard describes a number of recent "Experiments in Cooperation," chiefly manufactures and stores. "Union College" is the one selected from the educational series this month, Harvard being announced for July. The serials are continued, and there is a story by G. P. Lathrop, entitled "The Love of a Hundred Years."

"Pilgrims and Puritans," by Tryon Edwards, "Two Poems of Collins," by E. S. Nadal, and "Charlotte Cushman," by John D. Stockton, complete the list of prose. There are poetical contributions from Kate Putnam Osgood, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, H. H., and several others. In the Editorial Department, Dr. Holland writes of "Advertising Shame," "The Literary Class" and "A New Departure"; "The Old Cabinet" deals with "Reading and Writing" and the "Academy Exhibition"; "Home and Society" contains some suggestions to strangers about "How to see New York," and Mr. Quinn's timely "Rural Topics;" and "Brie-a-Brac" has among other attractions some clever dialect by Irwin Russell entitled "Nebuchadnezzar."

ST. NICHOLAS FOR JUNE.—Brings a full budget of attractions to the many thousand boys and girls who watch so eagerly for each month's issue. It begins with an interesting account by Susan Coolidge of the life and achievements of Jeanne D'Arc; and then comes the second installment of Aldrich's fascinating story, with thirty-three of Mr. Hopkin's irresistible silhouette pictures; a charming "talk" by H. H., on "The Expression of Rooms;" a beautiful little verse by Mrs. Dodge, a funny picture, and a story quite as funny, follow each other in quick succession; and we are

treated next to an article entitled "A Frog and His Neighbors," describing simply, and with the aid of fifteen pictures, all the curious changes of frog-life from the hatching of the eggs to the dignity of "Mr. Frog grown up."

"The Old Saw-Mill" is a fresh and natural story, and "The Coming Army of Voters," an encouraging picture. Cecilia Thaxter contributes a true story of the wonderful flight of a canary, and the instalment of "The Boy Emigrants" is as interesting as any of the previous ones, which were so very interesting that out of sheer respect for the children's demands, as the editors state, there is given in the present number a sketch and portrait of the author, Mr. Brooks.

As for poetry, the pages fairly ring with it. There is "See, Saw, Marjorie Daw" with a sweet little picture by Addie Ledyard; "The Four Little Imps," by Joel Stacy, with a comical illustration showing every one of them; "A June Morning Lesson," with a dainty border drawing; and some fine verses entitled "Mabel's Maida."

The departments have their usual lively appearance, and a "Young Contributor" furnishes an amusing Centennial Picture.

### A Beautiful Incident.

A naval officer being at sea in a dreadful storm, his wife sitting in the cabin near him, filled with alarm for the safety of the vessel, was so surprised at his serenity and composure that she cried out: "My dear, are you not afraid? How is it possible you can be so calm in such a dreadful storm?"

He rose from his chair, dashed it to the deck, drew his sword, and pointing it at the breast of his wife, exclaimed:

"Are you not afraid?"

She immediately answered, "No."

"Why?" said the officer.

"Because," replied the wife, "I know that the sword is in the hands of my husband, and he loves me too well to hurt me."

"Then," said he, "I know in whom I believe, and that He who holds the wind in His hand is my Father."

### Match Making in Roscommon.

In the West of Ireland, the feelings of the young woman are seldom consulted in matters matrimonial. Her father being the best judge of what is for his daughter's advantage, opposition on her part is of very rare occurrence, except where she has taken the precaution to provide herself with a husband beforehand. When a match is made and the bargain concluded, if the girl declines to accept the husband selected, she quickly loses caste, the young men considering that a disobedient daughter must of necessity make an uncomfortable wife. Still more exceptional is any objection on the part of the young man to the wife selected for him by his father, as he feels quite satisfied that experience enables his parent to judge of the temper and qualifications of a woman much better than he possibly could. Moreover, the father has the advantage of being able to examine her merits with a perfectly impartial, and at the same time fairly critical eye. Interest and inclination alike lead him to make the best selection; he does it only after an infinite amount of cogitation; but when his choice is made, it is unalterable; and he will obstinately contend for his son's interest, without a single thought of the young woman's inclinations, taking it for granted that they will be in accordance with her father's wishes. The mother has little to say in the matter on either side. She never goes match making, and is not consulted, being only acquainted with the intentions of her husband for their son, when he has made up his mind. Marriage is a matter of business, and it is, like any other bargain, made with the shrewd, humorous, calculating caution, which characterizes the Connaught man.

### Adornment of Home.

I look upon the money which goes to buy a picture, statuette or tasteful bracket for home adornment, as being wisely spent. If young people, just commencing life, after they have secured these few pieces of furniture that must be had, and made sure that they are what they ought to be, have some money left to get a picture, an engraving, or a cast, they ought to work to supply this want as seriously as they would the other, which seems the more necessary, but in reality is not a bit more necessary. The general character of a home will make a great difference to the children who grow up in it, and to all whose experience is associated with it, whether it be a beautiful and cheerful one, or only a homely and bare one, or a merely formal and conventional one. The relation of these things to education is all that gives dignity or poetry to the subject, or makes it allowable for a reasonable man to give much thought to it. But it has a real vital relation to life, and plays an important part in education, and deserves to be thought about a great deal more than it is. Seemingly trifles make life either happy or miserable.

### A Scene in the First Presidential Mansion.

It has become lately a habit with many of us to look upon Washington as a magnificent, proper, but rather wooden figurehead of the new nation. There can be no doubt, from contemporary records, that, on the contrary he exerted a tremendous personal magnetism.

He was a clumsy, slow, heavy man; but with a sad sincerity of great purpose, in every word and action. "There was an indescribable something in Washington," says one of his contemporaries, "which awed every man who came in contact with him." We have many pictures of this brilliant court of Philadelphia, but none which please us so much as the story of a girl friend of lovely Nelly Custis, who spent a night at the President's mansion. "When ten o'clock came, Mrs. Washington retired, and her granddaughter accompanied her, and read a chapter and psalm from the old family Bible. All then knelt down in prayer, and when Mrs. Washington's maid had prepared her for bed, Nelly sang a soothing hymn, and leaning over her, received from her some words of counsel and her kiss and blessing."—Scribner for June.

Out of the exuberance of his heart a Galena man warbled "When the Spring Comes, Gentle Annie," and at the conclusion of the first verse he was reminded by his wife of the fact that when the spring did come the children would have to have a new suit of clothes, the house a fresh coat of paint, and the madame a stylish bonnet and a pull-back. A seventeen hundred dollar mortgage would have to be lifted, a woodshed built, a spare bed-room furnished for his mother-in-law, who was coming to stay all summer, and sundry other little matters looked after.

Two young ladies in the library were discussing a preference expressed by one of them for clean shaven men, when the other was heard to remark: "I don't object to a man with a reasonable quantity of hair on his face, but I wouldn't like to marry a buffalo robe."

A bright little four-year-old sat at the dinner table with her parents. Papa says, "If no one has any objection I'll help myself to a piece of pie." "That's right," says little Mamie, "let every one take their own judgment."

Aleck is a six-year-old boy, who is very fond of ice-cream. He was permitted to dine with the family the other evening, and, as usual, wanted more ice-cream; but as he made his wish known he added: "Can't you hotten it a little?"

The shadows of our own desires stand between us and our better angels, and thus their brightness is eclipsed.—Dickens.



## DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

HENRY C. RIDER, Editor and Proprietor.  
FORT LEWIS SELLINEY, Associate Editor.  
HENRY WINTER SYLVE, Foreign Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, MAY 22, 1876.

Specimen copy sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

### Our Visit to Potsdam.

On Wednesday, the 17th inst., accompanied by our little Eddie, we took the 2:10 p. m. Northern express for Potsdam, to attend the Church services for deaf-mutes to be held in Trinity (Episcopal) Church, of that village, in the evening. Arriving at Watertown Junction, we were met by Messrs. C. H. Cooper and C. O. Upham, of Watertown, the former of whom went with us as far as Philadelphia, (not the Philadelphia of Centennial celebrity,) where the Ogdensburg express and the Utica and Black River express connected with our train. Parting here with Mr. Cooper, we sped on through hills and plains, woods and cultivated lands, over green fields, beautiful verdant meadows and deep gorges, plunging through tunnels, around rocky curves, across flowing rivers and creeks, and through thriving villages and elegant cities.

The admirable arrangements of Mr. J. W. Moak, General Superintendent, and the other officers of the Rome, Watertown and Ogdensburg Railroad Company, seconded by the gentlemanly deportment and kind attentions of the conductors and the other employees on the trains, make this a desirable and attractive route, both for business men and pleasure seekers. At twenty minutes before eight, we reached the Potsdam depot, where we were met by Mr. J. H. Winslow, with whom we proceeded directly to the Church, which we found already pretty well filled.

Immediately after our arrival the usual evening service was opened, being read by Rev. H. R. Howard, Rector of the Church, and interpreted to the deaf-mutes in the sign-language by Rev. Dr. George C. Pennell, Archdeacon of the Convocation of Ogdensburg. There were present eight deaf-mutes, as follows: Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Winslow, Mr. and Mrs. Barnhart, Miss Harriet Stewart, Miss Sarah Forrest, Mr. Aldis Boyce and himself. After the reading of the service, Dr. Pennell read to the congregation a letter he had received from Rev. Dr. Thomas Gallaudet, Rector of St. Ann's Church for Deaf-mutes, and General Manager of the Church Mission to Deaf-mutes, New York city, dwelling at considerable length upon the origin, and the increasing labors of the Church Mission to Deaf-mutes, and what it is accomplishing for the spiritual welfare of the deaf and dumb throughout the country. The letter was also read by signs to the deaf-mutes by Dr. Pennell, beginning with Dr. Gallaudet's expressions of gratification on hearing of Dr. Pennell's intention of holding this service for deaf-mutes, and his words of encouragement for the beneficial work being accomplished by Dr. Pennell and Rev. H. R. Howard, for the deaf and dumb of Northern New York, closing with the following address to the deaf-mutes who should be present:

To my deaf-mute friends assembling in Trinity Church, Potsdam:

DEAR FRIENDS,—I want you all to be very thankful for the religious care you are receiving from the Rev. Dr. Pennell, and the Rev. Mr. Howard, and in your daily prayers to ask God to bless them in all their work. I want you to pray God to bless the Church Mission to Deaf-mutes, and the Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf-mutes.

How thankful we should be for the confirmations which have recently taken place among deaf-mutes. On Wednesday evening, March 29th, 18 deaf-mutes were confirmed in St. Stephen's Church, Philadelphia; on Sunday evening, April 9th, 10 in Grace Church, Cleveland; and on Sunday afternoon, May 7th, 23 in St. Ann's Church, New York. God's spirit seems to be moving in the whole deaf-mute community of our country. I want all those of you who are not confirmed to decide to ask for the wonderful blessing of the laying on of hands that thus you may be on the Lord's side in the battle against Satan, the world and the flesh. With the Divine blessing, partaking of the Holy Communion, studying the Bible and the Book of Common Prayer, daily offering your prayers, you will steadily grow in the Christian life and be happy here and forever.

After this the editor of the JOURNAL, by request, made a few remarks to the deaf-mutes, Dr. Pennell interpreting for the hearing audience. The "speaker" alluded to the deep interest taken by Dr. Pennell, Rev. H. R. Howard and others in the welfare of the deaf-mutes of Potsdam and vicinity, many of whom are well advanced in years, and never till recently enjoyed the advantages of witnessing services since graduating from school, but who have now found a warm-hearted friend in the person of Rev. H. R. Howard, from whose exertions in their behalf the signs of spiritual happiness among them are becoming more and more manifest. The speaker also referred to the admirable adaptation of the Common Prayer Book to the use of deaf-mutes in attending Church in connection with the rest of the congregation; to the beautiful and costly chan-

cel window in memorial of the lamented JOHN W. CHANDLER, the first President of the Empire State Deaf-mute Association, presented by the above named society, with the assistance of some hearing friends, to Grace Church of Mexico, N. Y.; and spoke of the deaf-mute services held by Dr. GALLAUDET and others from time to time.

Dr. PENNELL then gave some very appropriate exhortations, showing how to lead a Christian life, and said a true Christian should not be ashamed of being called a soldier of the cross. He gave notice that on the 12th of July, the Bishop, Rev. Dr. GALLAUDET and himself would hold services at the Church in Potsdam, and those wishing to be confirmed would then have an opportunity.

After taking the collection and singing a hymn, the service closed.

It is worthy of remark that among those to whom the deaf-mutes of Potsdam, St. Lawrence and surrounding counties owe a debt of gratitude for many kind favors the different members of the CLARKSON family are conspicuous. The CLARKSON family has rendered much aid to them, and largely assisted the Church. During our visit at Potsdam, the venerable and highly esteemed mother of that family subscribed for eight copies of the JOURNAL for one year—one for herself and the rest for poor deaf-mutes. Mrs. CLARKSON for this distinguished favor shown to the deaf-mutes, and for her just appreciation of the JOURNAL is entitled to our sincere gratitude and respect.

We noticed with much pleasure that the people of Potsdam take great interest in the welfare of the deaf-mutes at the Church, and that under the blessings of Divine Providence a good work has been begun, which is destined to accomplish much for the spiritual welfare of the deaf-mutes of that region. This branch of the Church Mission to Deaf-mutes, under the zealous supervision of Rev. H. R. HOWARD, is constantly growing stronger.

From the Church we went to the home of Mr. WINSLOW, one mile from the village, where we spent the night. Besides ourselves Mr. WINSLOW's family entertained three other guests, namely, Mr. and Mrs. BARNHART, and Mr. BOYCE. Mr. and Mrs. WINSLOW have three fine young children. We enjoyed our visit very much. The next morning we returned to the village just in time for the communion service at the Church. At this service an addition was made by the arrival that morning of JOHN ROYAL, a young man of Parishville, N. Y. After the morning service, all the deaf-mutes who had been confirmed, partook of the bread and wine at the hands of Rev. H. R. HOWARD, at the same time Dr. PENNELL addressing each one in signs. A collection was then again taken, after which Dr. PENNELL made some pertinent remarks, exhorting all to be always trying to cultivate the virtues of a Christian life, resist and overcome temptations in this life, and be prepared to meet death so as to win the crown. He again reminded them that the Bishop and Dr. GALLAUDET would be present at the services of July 12th, and that there would at that time, be an opportunity for confirmation.

At the conclusion of the services, several of the deaf-mutes, including myself, took a stroll through the village and examined several specimens of skilled wood engraving, which Mr. WINSLOW had made, in a furniture store, took a look at the town, viewed the different departments of industry, and noticed many buildings and walks constructed of sandstone, which is abundant in close proximity to the village. The village has a very neat and comfortable appearance. We took dinner at the American Hotel, the hospitalities and luxurious tables of which we cheerfully commend to a weary and hungry traveling public.

At 2:24 we (ourselves and son) bade adieu to Potsdam and started for home, which we reached at about 8:20, after having enjoyed a very comfortable trip and spending a day and a half in unalloyed pleasure, abounding with long-to-be-remembered happy associations. For many courtesies extended to us while in Potsdam, we are deeply indebted to Mr. and Mrs. WINSLOW. For all the kindness shown to us, all of our friends with whom we met, there, have our sincere thanks. The recollection of this trip and visit will ever be fresh in the mind of one who plies the quill and wields the scissors.

### Interesting to Parents of Deaf-Mute Children.

The attention of our readers and of the general public is called to Rev. THOMAS B. BERRY's advertisement published this week in another column. He proposes to take into his family the first of September next, four deaf-mute children for educational purposes. Parents and guardians of deaf-mute children desiring to have them receive the benefits of a small private school taught by a first-class teacher of the deaf and dumb, where they will receive special attention, thorough instruction and kind care in a Christian family, will find it to their interest to consult Rev. Mr. Berry at once.

### New Paper.

We have received copies of the May number of the *Kansas Star*, being the first edition of a monthly paper published in the interest of pupils learning the printer's trade at the Kansas Institution for the Instruction of Deaf-mutes. The *Star* is a two column, sixteen page, tidy little quarto, printed on extra quality of paper, contains good reading matter, and clearly proves by its typography that the art of printing at the Institution is being thoroughly taught in a manner that will fit pupils for profitable occupation after graduating from school. We greet the *Star* with hearty cordiality and cheerfully number it in our list of exchanges. May it be a "blazing star" in the firmament of deaf-mute literature.

### Soliciting Aid for the National Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf-Mutes.

In our last week's issue we printed a communication from Mr. JOHN CARLIN, of New York, Chairman of the Building Fund Committee, appealing for aid to purchase a place somewhere in the rural neighborhood of New York for the use of the National Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf-mutes. The appeal is for a worthy object, and it is to be hoped that the principals of deaf-mute Institutions, friends and guardians of deaf-mutes will take an interest in it and respond liberally to the call for help. The gentlemen composing the committee are honest, reliable citizens, and all money donated to this object will be conscientiously and judiciously appropriated by them for the purpose specified. It is very desirable to purchase a building for the use of the Home, thereby saving the annual rent of the present temporary Home in the city of New York, and establishing a permanent one on a less expensive scale, and a firm foundation. All persons interested in the welfare of the deaf and dumb, and a provision for the comforts of the crippled, aged and infirm deaf-mutes, are cordially requested to contribute for the building fund in proportion to their pleasure and ability.

### An Honored Deaf-Mute.

Mr. MOSES SMITH, a graduate of the New York Institution High Class, is administrator and Mrs. Sarah E. Weld administratrix of the estate of Wm. R. Weld, of Jonesville, N. Y. A circular, sent us by Mr. Smith, announces the administrator's sale of some of the property left by the late Wm. R. Weld, to take place the 18th of this month. The circular contains a list of "articles too numerous to mention, including many kinds of household and store goods, (Mr. Weld was a merchant), besides which a house and store are offered to rent and a stock of merchandise for sale. A large portion of Mr. Smith's time is occupied in business of this nature, and it is constantly increasing. For the faithful performance of his duties of administrator in the present case, he had to furnish surety bonds to the amount of \$30,000, and as guardian and administrator for this and other estates now in his hands, he is under bonds for about \$45,000. He makes a sort of specialty of the business of settling estates, for which he seems to possess abilities which fully qualify him. He has purchased a fire and burglar proof safe this spring. It is a Sullivan—late Davidson—safe, weighing 1,500 lbs.

Of course Mr. Smith takes the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL. While lately renewing his subscription he remarks: "We are pleased to read the news you furnish, and my boys also take the paper because it contains so much good reading."

### The Itemizer.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to associations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column; mark items so sent: *The Itemizer*.

Mrs. JANE E. WILLIAMS, formerly of New York, but now residing with her friend, Mrs. Monroe, 124 Green St., Albany, contributed a beautiful quilt of her own making to the Easter Fair of St. Ann's Church for Deaf-mutes. To each of the preceding fairs she sent a quilt, thus showing her interest in St. Ann's charitable work among the sick and poor. She thinks she will not be able to continue these gifts, but perhaps she may change her mind before the next fair takes place.

MR. THOMAS JOHNSON, a deaf-mute, of Bell Ewart, Ont., owns a half interest in a nice new tug boat—the other half belonging to his brother—which they are running on Lake Simcoe, between Roach Point and Bell Ewart. Her name is Minnie Wade.

A few days ago an interesting incident occurred in the family of SAMUEL KEE, of North Argyle, Washington Co., N. Y. Mr. and Mrs. Kee are both deaf-mutes. Their little girl, named LETTIE, aged fifteen months, had become very much attached to a cat, which one day was missing. The cat had fallen into the chimney, and for two days the child kept pointing toward that part of the house, and at length succeeded in making her parents understand that there was something there. Mr. Kee took down the fire-board and found the cat still alive.

MR. FRANKLIN PIERCE BARTLETT, of Nottingham Centre, N. H., a namesake of ex-President FRANKLIN PIERCE, and a graduate of the American Asylum, Hartford, Conn., owns a fine rural home, consisting of a large farm, with good buildings, well stocked with horses and cattle, which was willed to him by his father. He enjoys life well on a farm, loves agriculture much more than city life, and thinks it very much pleasanter and more healthy. Mr. Bartlett labors faithfully and keeps his business in good shape and the farm in a beautiful condition, his large barn being well filled every year with the products of the soil, and his friends always like to visit him and view the fruits of his industry. He is now sowing his wheat. In honor of the Centennial year he has already set thirty-five rock maple trees on the roadside adjacent to his land, and has sent a large number of ancient relics to the Philadelphia Exhibition, among which is one very large table fork, one hundred years old. The chief products of his farm are corn, wheat, potatoes, apples and beef.

The following is copied from a Brooklyn contemporary: "W. A. BOND, a deaf-mute of this District, who has for the past two years been the Brooklyn correspondent of the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, a paper published in the interest of deaf-mutes, over the *nom de plume* of Agrippa, was last evening elected Secretary of the Manhattan Literary Association, the only deaf-mute organization

in New York city. Mr. Bond has for three successive years been elected Secretary of the Sunnyside Social Club, the only deaf-mute club in Brooklyn. He is a man of intellectual abilities and is known to most of our contemporaries as a young and promising writer of his race; he having devoted much of his time in writing readable articles for both Brooklyn and New York papers over the *nom de plume* of Lytton Bulwer. The latest information we have received, is that he has, through the influence of one of our Assemblymen, got a position as a contributor to a weekly paper published in Philadelphia."

MR. E. L. BANGS, for many years principal of the Michigan Institution for the Deaf and Dumb and Blind, located at Flint, has sent in his resignation to the commissioners of the Institution, which, it is said, has been accepted. Mr. Bangs will probably remain in charge of the Institution until the close of the present term, some time in June.—*Detroit Tribune*, May 17th, 1876.

### Resolutions of Respect to the Memory of the late Wm. L. M. Breg.

At a special meeting of the Deaf-mute Christian Association, of Jackson, Mich., held at the chapel of St. Paul's Church, on the evening of the 15th inst., the following resolutions to the memory of the late Wm. L. M. Breg, were unanimously adopted:

The sad intelligence is brought to us that one who has been so well identified with the cause of deaf-mute education for nearly twenty years, has been stricken down by death in the midst of his usefulness. Many of us by an immediate personal acquaintance with him bear witness to his zeal and fitness as a teacher.

Always laboring patiently and faithfully to promote the mental and spiritual welfare of those placed under his instruction, he at the same time sought to bring honor to the profession of deaf-mute teaching. His respect for and advocacy of everything upright and honorable, and his constant efforts to impress upon the young the necessity of cultivating the high and honorable virtues of a Christian life, commend his memory to our love and admiration.

Resolved, That in our view the cause of deaf-mute education has lost an able representative, whose experience was valuable as an element of success in teaching, without which any teacher must work largely at a disadvantage.

Resolved, That it is our feeling that we have lost a friend whose words of counsel and encouragement we have ever held in the highest esteem, and whose honorable course has influenced many to take the right path in life.

Resolved, That these resolutions be recorded in the minutes of the Association, a copy to be forwarded to the family of the deceased, and a copy to be sent for publication to the following papers: *Jackson Daily Patriot*, the *DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL*, the *Deaf-Mute Mirror*, and the *Flint Globe*.

JOHN J. BORDEN, Pres.  
JOHN T. WHITE, Secy.

### Deserving Esteem.

MR. F. M. TUTTLE, a deaf-mute, of Geneva, N. Y., is meeting with brilliant success as a portrait painter. The following in relation to his artistic ability was clipped from the *Geneva Gazette* of May 12th:

"Our home artist, Mr. F. M. Tuttle, has just completed a portrait of Capt. J. S. Lewis, which now adorns the wall of his reception-room—so truthful and life-like that it seems about to exclaim: 'All right; come again.'"

The *Geneva Courier*, of May 12th, also contains the following compliment to Mr. Tuttle on the same subject:

"Decidedly one of the finest portraits ever executed in Geneva, is that of our townsman, Captain J. S. Lewis, which now occupies a conspicuous place on the walls of his reception room, at his residence on Exchange street. As a likeness, it is absolutely perfect, while the background, coloring, and posture, are so harmoniously blended as to give the subject a wonderfully easy, and life-like appearance. Aside from these more important features, the close observer readily detects the hand of the true artist, in the workmanlike execution of the painting. The picture meets the expectations of the Captain's immediate relatives as well as the favorable comments of his numerous personal friends. The portrait was executed by our own home artist, F. M. Tuttle, Esq."

### How Will You Trade Horses?

MR. MOSES SMITH, of Jonesville, N. Y., writes as follows:

"I was instrumental in procuring the admission of a county pupil into the Central New York Institution, at Rome, some time last March. The parent of the child promised to write me the particulars of his trip to Rome, the result of which is a rich joke on the faculty of the Institution. This is what he said:

"They have got the ground bought and are going to build as soon as able, taking a whole square. Alphonso Johnson is a deaf-mute and wears a patch over one eye. I did not get much acquainted with the teachers nor their wages, so I can't tell you much about them. They could talk some, but their voices were not natural but unpleasant. The 'Professors' were trying to trade horses when I left."

If the Board of Health, which spent thousands of dollars in the general distribution of deodorizers to prevent the spread of contagious fevers, would be consistent, they should gratuitously distribute GLEN'S SULPHUR SOAP to the victims of contagious eruptions. Sold everywhere.

"The Great Unknown"—The merchant who doesn't advertise.

### Picnic.

NEW YORK, May 19, 1876.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—Please publish the following:

The Manhattan Deaf-mute Literary Association will have their annual picnic at Fort Lee, on the 11th of July next. All the deaf-mutes and their friends are cordially invited to attend. Fare on the boat, for round trip, 25 cents.

COMMITTEE ON PICNIC.—P. McGuire, O. W. Fitzgerald, Jas. Russell, G. W. Reynolds, S. M. Brown.

JAS. S. WELLS, Acting Secy.

### Accident at the Michigan Deaf and Dumb Institution.

According to the *Detroit Tribune* a planer pulley exploded at the deaf-mute institution cabinet-shop on Tuesday afternoon, May 16th. One fragment took effect in the face of the foreman, Edward Barton, crushing his nose and rendering him insensible. The belt struck R. H. Carroll, assistant, hurling him to the farther end of the room but not seriously injuring him. Barton is doing well.

### Deaf and Dumb.

A ROMANCE STIRRING BLANCHETTER, OHIO.—MARRIAGE AND BIGAMY.

(From the St. Louis, Mo., Times.)

And now Blanchetter, Ohio, comes to the front with a sensation. It is not a blood-curdling one, nor is there much Beethoven in it, yet it is a sensation. The facts in the case, as near as we can get at them, are about as follows: Some years ago a well-dressed, prepossessing young man, who introduced himself as a Mr. Avery, went to that village and registered at the leading hotel. He was a handsome-looking young man, and never was known to utter an oath or profane word. In short, he was deaf and dumb, a fact that did not prevent him from playing the agreeable or making love in the most orthodox fashion to the reigning belles of that region. He soon established quite a reputation as a lady-killer among the fair demoiselles, and what soft things he was unable to say with his tongue he uttered but too eloquently with his expressive eyes. Cupid smiled upon his endeavors, and his love-making at length culminated in his leading to the altar one of the loveliest of Blanchetter's fair daughters, and—what was more to the point and to our story—an heiress in her own right to \$50,000. Not a response did he respond while the ceremony was being performed, nor did he ever intimate that he could talk until he had taken position on the dancing-floor at the grand ball given in their honor, when he betrayed the fact that he had been acting a living lie, and could speak and hear as well as the best of them. His new-made bride was only too glad to discover an additional charm in her husband's chosen one, and her love for him only strengthened with the discovery. He managed in some way to explain his almost unaccountable actions, and satisfied her relatives with some plausible story of a vow binding him to silence until a given time—his marriage. The newly-wedded pair soon settled down to the humdrum routine of practical life, and Mr. and Mrs. Avery were models of conjugal bliss. With his wife's money the model husband entered into business and was to a degree prosperous and thriving. Two children were born to the pair, and they were gliding down life's fiftieth stream, a staid, steady couple, beloved of each other and respected by their neighbors.

And now comes the sequel. About three weeks ago Mr. Avery was taken ill, grievously ill, sick unto death he might say, and his family and friends gathered round his bedside to hear his last words, and see him pass over to the Golden Shore. He struggled hard with the grim monster Death, and piteously besought the physicians to afford him relief, and save him to his family. All the aid that human means could devise was extended to him, but without effect, and he was informed that his end was near. Then it was that he told the story of his life. With choked utterance and tear-filled eyes he admitted that he had deceived his trusting wife, his confiding friends, and had been living a false and untrue life. His right name, he said, was Ziegler, and he already had a wife and three children when he was married at Blanchetter under the name of Avery. He gave his first wife's name and address, and asked that she might be telegraphed and some atonement made to her for the neglect and suffering he had caused her. He said he was a major in an Ohio regiment, had served with distinction during the late war, and had been honorably mustered out as a brevet colonel. His wife no reason why he had deserted his wife and little ones, and was prevented by weakness from explaining his freak of playing the mute. He soon after died and was buried with all honors.

In due course of time the first wife arrived, and, establishing her identity, took evidence of her husband's death. She didn't make much of a to-do about the matter, nor did she seem broken-hearted at his demise. She was very calm about the occurrence, and explained that she was more desirous of procuring the evidence of his death, and securing a pension of \$3,000 that was in some way due to him from the government than of recalling him to life. After having attained her object she quietly departed, leaving her successor in peaceful possession of what of the world's goods that had been accumulated from the capital advanced at her marriage with Avery. The affair has occasioned intense excitement among the denizens of that usually quiet village, and the sympathy of the entire community goes out to the much-wronged and loving Mrs. Avery and her unfortunate children. Nor do they condemn Mrs. Ziegler, whom

they regard as another victim to man's perfidy. What prompted his assuming to be deaf and dumb, and so successfully carrying out the freak, will probably never be known; but that the statements written above are true, is beyond all doubt. There is the basis for a Charles Reade or a Wilkie Collins to write a novel, and a verification of the old adage that "truth is stranger than fiction."

### CENTENNIAL LETTER.

Progress of the Show—Some of the Follies who are Sick—Counting Chickens before they are Hatched—Uncle Sam's Farm—Full Account of the Agricultural Display.  
(From our regular Correspondent.)

PHILADELPHIA, May 20, 1876.

If the success of the Centennial Show could be fairly measured by the attendance during the first week after the opening it would be a good time now to take back some of the glowing and extravagant things that have heretofore been said. It has really been an exceedingly dull week, with considerably less than 20,000 average daily attendance. But this state of facts is simply in the natural order of things, and not in the least discouraging. The cold, wet and disagreeable weather has of itself been enough to keep everybody at home; and then the impression has got abroad—and it is correct too—that the Exhibition lacks a good deal of being ready. The unfinished condition of the walks and numerous buildings, together with the mud and rubbish and the work of unpacking one has still to encounter about the grounds, are by no means features calculated to attract. When it is known that tons of exhibits are arriving daily, people naturally enough feel that there is no hurry. But this is no indication that they won't come by and by. The success of the exhibition is assured both by its immensity and the interest and enthusiasm manifested everywhere, especially on the opening day. It is stated that considerable disappointment is felt by the Centennial direction and in business circles generally at the limited number, and what they are pleased to term the severe economy of visitors. So far as the exhibition is concerned there is no occasion for misgiving. When the pressure of spring business shall be over, and the exhibition complete for inspection, the people will come from every section, not to parade the streets and gaze in the shop windows, but to cluster about the great fairy land in the Park and study its beauties day after day, until they are content, and then most of them will go away to return for a farewell visit in the autumn to what this generation can never see again. It may be that the estimates early made of the millions of visitors will prove a little Jules Verne, but the people are certainly coming.

But with the thousands of speculative schemes organized solely to pluck the unsuspecting people who are to come here nobody will have sympathy. They went upon the theory that a fool and his money are soon parted, and that the city would be overrun with people anxious to spend their accumulated wealth; or that they would be naked and hungry and they would take them in; and there was to be a famine of provision and a harvest of greenbacks. But they counted the chickens before the eggs were laid, and with no rooster in sight. The cafes and refreshment places inside of the grounds, which charge treble or quadruple prices for ordinary meals and drinks, will fail disastrously, as they most justly deserve to fail. I have seen bills rendered for ordinary dinners amounting to from three to four dollars, which at any of the best restaurants in Philadelphia would not have cost more than a dollar, and if any one is so stone-blind as not to see by this time that fifty cents for a glass of soda-water and fifty cents for a sandwich will make visitors absolutely withhold their patronage, they will learn it finally to their sorrow. The boarding-houses and extemporized hotels promise to be not the least of the sufferers, and I am glad of it. There are many hundreds of them, all demanding \$2 to \$3 per day for the most ordinary accommodations, such as can be obtained in any other city, Chicago, New York or even Washington, for from \$7 to \$10 per week, and they insist always upon putting two in a room at that. I saw a statement in one correspondent's letter that good board could be had here for \$5 per week, and I know several persons who have been industriously hunting the author of that fiction for the past week. But these things will be forgotten one hundred years hence.

To me the United States building is one of the most interesting within the inclosure. The war and navy department display, with all the munitions and engines of war arrayed in view, is quite intimidating. But the nearest and most perfect and curious of all is the little engine and envelope machine turning out a "Centennial Envelope" all complete and stamped, at each evolution. The agricultural display is made mainly in large glass show-cases, and comprises in all five divisions, namely, chemical, entomological, botanical, microscopical and the general museum. Hanging on the wall near which the show-cases stand are four large maps of the United States, all being divided into spaces of different sizes and colors, upon which are numbers corresponding with a reference schedule in one corner. These maps show respectively the comparative value of farm land in this country, the respective rates of wages paid for farm labor, the proportion of woodland to farm area, and the distribution of the production of textile fibres. By means of charts the average production per acre of the country's staples is shown for each State. Specimens of soils are arranged in the order of their geological formation, comprising marls, calcareous earths, green sand and phosphatic marls. Then come phosphatic rocks, animal and vegetable fertilizers and the combination of the three in a manufactured state. The next feature,

the utilization of vegetable products, is illustrated by means of specimens beginning with the product in its natural state, and proceeding through the various stages of manufacture to the finished article. It comprises the manufacture of flour, meal and starch from cereals; of sugar from cane, beet-root, maple and sorghum, and exhibits models of the machinery used in the manufacture of these. The fermentation is shown of starchy substances from which beer, ale and porter are made, and also the distillation of whisky. A model still and plans of notable American distilleries are exhibited. Then are seen the fermentation and distillation of sugar, molasses and fruits, resulting in a complete set of samples of American wines, these, in turn, being distilled and converted into brandy. The display of the wood growth of the country is inexhaustive. At the foot of the cases stand many hundred sections of logs, overhead in the case being specimens of the foliage of their respective trees. Next to Horticultural Hall and grounds this spot affords the botanist the greatest delight which the Centennial can give him. From the sub-tropical growth of the Gulf and Southwestern States up to the hardy conifers of Maine and the Northwest there is not a tree of importance which is not here represented. The patience of the curious is sorely taxed in counting the rings of old stagers that had reached the hey-day of their growth two hundred years before Columbus first saw Guadalupe, and of some that had doubtless sheltered weary aborigines while Louis of France was battling for the Cross in Palestine. Most of these interesting specimens were obtained from the Sierra Nevada mountains in California. The principal of those of which accurate statistics can be given are as follows: One of a sugar pine, 175 feet high and 27 feet in circumference at the base, and 583 years old, the section having been made at a diameter of 7 feet 2 inches; one of a soft, white pine, 130 feet high, 25 feet in circumference at the base, and 510 years old, the section having been made at a diameter of 6 feet 6 inches; and one of a red silver fir, 162 feet high, 30 feet in diameter at the base, tapering for 100 feet before the first branch was reached, and 392 years old. All these grew on the Sierra Nevada. There is also one of a twisted pine from the Rocky Mountains, 123 feet high, 22 feet in diameter at the base, and 297 years old. A curious exhibit for most folk in the Middle States is that of the many varieties of native oak and the remarkable want of resemblance among them in regard to foliage, the tan-bark oak of California, for instance, having velvety, willow-shaped leaves, while those of the black-jack oak of the Southern Atlantic States are bell-shaped. In the grain of the wood, also, the same wide divergency exists. While the canon live oak of the Southwest has a smooth bark and fine grain, the post-oak of this region is rugged both in bark and grain.

The annual meeting of the Board of Commissioners occurred on Thursday, when General Hawley, President, and Mr. Campbell, Secretary were unanimously re-elected. Some little questions of policy had caused a division, and some caucusing concerning the executive committee and the caucus ticket was elected. It makes some change in the committee, and, it is said, settles in the negative the much-agitated question of opening the grounds on Sunday. There has been a strong movement in this direction, headed by some eminent men and clergymen, and the opinion has heretofore prevailed that it would ultimately be decided to open them.

### Central New York Diocesan Convention.

The eighth annual convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the Diocese of Central New York, will be held in Christ Church, in Binghamton, beginning on Tuesday evening, June 13, and continuing for two days. The Diocese embraces the counties of Broome, Cayuga, Chemung, Chenango, Cortland, Jefferson, Lewis, Madison, Oneida, Onondaga, Oswego, Seneca, Tioga and Tompkins, forming an area of 11,601 square miles, and containing a population of over 700,000. The bishop of the diocese, Right Rev. F. D. Huntington, S. T. D., of Syracuse, will preside over the Convention. Rev. Alfred B. Goodrich is the Secretary of the Convention. Each church is entitled to three lay delegates in the Convention, beside its rector.

### Address by Gen. Kilpatrick.

Hon. Henry J. Daggett, President of the Oswego County Agricultural Society, informs us that General Kilpatrick, who lectured in our village last March on "Sherman's March to the Sea," and who, by his humor and eloquence, held his audience spellbound during its entire delivery, has been engaged to deliver an address on Agriculture at our next County Fair. We learn that the general is quite an agriculturist, and we doubt not his lecture will be replete with interest and instruction.

Several years have elapsed since an address was delivered at the County Fair, and we think the officers of the Society have done wisely in having one this year, and that they are fortunate in having secured such an able and distinguished speaker.

This being the Centennial year of our national independence, the officers of the Society are striving to make the next Fair unusually attractive and successful, and we trust their efforts will be secondarily by the public in general, but especially by the farmers.

—The *Clyde Times* says: "J. H. Mann of Pulaski, was recently married to Miss Little. Inasmuch as the bride is described as being but four feet tall, we are fully convinced that this is a bona fide instance where 'Mann wants but Little here below; nor wants that Little long.'"



Letter from Rev. Thos. B. Berry.

GRANVILLE, N. Y., May 15, 1876.  
EDITOR DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.—Dear Sir: I again take up my pen to send you a few items from our quiet country side. First I must acquaint you with the sad news of the death of my wife's father, Mr. Theodore Anderson, at his residence in West Chazy on the 5th of this month. Mrs. Berry and her sister were with me, but on receipt of a telegram I hurried them home five days before their father died. They had the sad satisfaction of being with him during that time. I was unable to go with them, but after holding the usual monthly service for Deaf-mutes in Troy on the evening of the 5th, I left there and reached Chazy in time to attend his funeral and be of some use to the afflicted family. Mr. Anderson was sick a little more than three weeks. His mother-in-law died at the same place exactly a month previous. His disease was, I believe, "spinal meningitis."

A deaf-mute named Hulett, who lives in this vicinity, came into town during Christmas week, and on going towards home intoxicated, he fell asleep and had his hands frozen to such a degree that they both had to be amputated. This is a terrible thing for a deaf-mute whose sole dependence is his hands. This ought to be a warning to them against intoxication.

Some months ago I published a statement in one of the county papers that I was anxious to start a branch of the Church Mission to Deaf-mutes in this county and invited correspondence to that end, but as yet have received no replies. I know there are several mutes in the county and hope to get time to hunt them up this summer.

John Ryan, a deaf-mute from New York, arrived here last week having worked his way through Catskill, Hudson, Cohoes, Saratoga and Whitehall by cleaning up around gardens, &c. I gave him a couple of days' work in my garden and woodshed and hope to get him employment as a farm hand.

We have had a great deal of rain the past week which has rather delayed the farmers in their spring work.

I enjoy your paper very much as it comes from week to week. I am very glad to see it so well sustained and trust it is now on a firm basis. I believe this is all the news I have at present.

Yours sincerely,  
THOMAS B. BERRY,

Rector of Trinity Church, Granville, N. Y.

Halifax, N. S., Correspondence.

VISIT TO THE CABLE STEAMER "FARADAY."

On Thursday, by the kind permission of Captain Trott, we visited the cable steamer, "Faraday," now lying at this port. On arriving on deck, we were taken in charge by two of the officers, who kindly showed and explained the various machines and apparatus for paying out and repairing telegraph cables. First the grappling machine, used for picking up the cable for repairs, etc., a ponderous looking machine from which the grappling rope is paid out or hauled in as the case may be. The rope passes from the grappling machine through the dynamometer, which shows when the cable is hooked. The grapnell was shown us and the manner of hooking up the cable by means of a rope across the deck. Then we were shown the immense tanks where the cable is stowed. There are three of these, each tank capable of holding 700 miles of cable, so that she can carry 2,100 miles. At present she has only about 180 miles on board. From the tanks the cable passes round a number of large pulleys each fitted with a break and finally three times round a large drum, which, from the speed at which it revolves, is constantly immersed in water. Then the sounding apparatus was explained, and we were conducted to the testing room where any flaw in the cable is at once detected. Here, we had an opportunity of seeing the working of telegraph as the room is fitted with what may be termed "two stations," and the mode of sending and receiving messages was clearly shown. Then we were treated to a galvanic shock. Some stood this to its highest power, but most had to wince when the full power of the battery was applied. We also visited the engine room and the immense boilers. The "Faraday" is 360 feet long by 52 feet wide, propelled by twin screws driven by two engines of 250 horse power each, supplied with steam by six boilers. She has during the last few months picked up and repaired the Atlantic cable three times.

JAS. W. DOLEY.

Brooklyn and Vicinity Notes.

On the evening of the 4th inst., there was a large attendance of deaf-mutes at the rooms of the Manhattan Literary Association, to witness a debate on the following question: "Which would be more profitable to the growth and welfare of the city of New York, underground or elevated railroads?" Messrs. Bond and W. O. Fitzgerald, with Mr. Lowenstein as substitute, were named to represent underground railroads, and Messrs. McClelland and McGuire, with Mr. J. Lewis as "sub," were to be the opponents. But by a strange freak of circumstances, Messrs. P. McGuire and Lowenstein were absent, and Mr. Fitzgerald declined to take the stand on account of feeling ill. Bond then offered to pitch in against two, but by an unexpected offer, Mr. M. S. Brown was allowed to help Bond, and the battle went on as follows: Bond and Brown for underground, and McClelland and Lewis for elevated.

The question was poorly studied on the latter's side for the opponents of the underground rail could scarcely give sufficient points as why an elevated rail would be more profitable than the underground rail.

Volunteers were scarce, and on taking

a vote it was found that 11 were in favor of the underground rail, and 10 in favor of the elevated. After voting Mr. John Carlin gave several striking points on the question. He spoke well of the opponents of the elevated rail, although he seemed to be in favor of the elevated himself. After some further remarks by Mr. Carlin and others, the meeting adjourned till the 11th.

May 11th came and the announcement that the annual election of officers for the Centennial year would take place, drew an unusual large attendance. The venerable John Carlin was, at the request of Lytton Bulwer, made chairman, with Messrs. F. Stratton and M. Heyman as tellers. The result of the election was as follows:

President—Sam. W. McClelland; 1st Vice-President—Pat. McGuire; 2d Vice-President—Pat. Fanning; Secretary—W. A. Bond; Treasurer—J. S. Wells.

The election went on in a quiet manner, and when all the officers were elected, Mr. S. W. McClelland rose and said: "I am here as your choice for President. Never a candidate for the position by any act of mine, but I was somewhat forced into it by you all. It is not my intention to make a speech, for I certainly did not expect this honor, but I will say that I came here in the interests and to promote the prosperity of deaf-mutes and I believe your choice has been to that effect. So far as I am able, I pledge myself to do all in my power to bring about the result. In conclusion let me beg your kind indulgence in the future and I trust you will bear with me patiently and give me your united support. Gentlemen, I thank you heartily for this honor."

Mr. McGuire, the 1st Vice-President-elect, then rose and said, "You have chosen me as your 1st Vice-President, and while special duties have been imposed upon the President, and which I shall have to perform during his absence, equal obligations and great responsibility rest upon you all in the confirmation of proper persons."

Mr. P. Fanning soon came forward and said, "As you have seen fit to nominate and elect me as your 2d Vice-President, I will do my best to preserve order and decorum, and attend to your wishes. Hoping you will agree with the chief of the Association and his assistant as well as me, I tender you my sincere thanks for the honor you have conferred upon me and heartily desire its perpetuity."

W. A. Bond the Secretary-elect was then called up to make a few remarks.

He said in his business-like tone, "Gentlemen,—To-night we enter upon a new era of life, and as you have seen fit to elect me as your secretary, despite my youth, permit me to say, with perfect truthfulness, that I will and I am willing to stand by you as the 'ghostly sentinel,' and protect you from abuses. And now, as your secretary-elect, permit me to say that I will conduct myself in that office so that I may retain the confidence and respect of you all. It, therefore, becomes us all to be more careful in the discharge of the important trust committed to us, for if we render ourselves unworthy of the confidence imposed upon us, our power will be of short duration. And I again beg leave to assure you of my high appreciation of the honor you have so generously conferred upon me, and I trust that nothing will occur during the year which will lessen our respect and esteem for each other."

Mr. Jas. S. Wells, the Treasurer-elect, then said, "To-night you have chosen me as your Treasurer for the ensuing year, permit me to return you my sincere thanks. Before entering upon my duties, let me say that I will endeavor to discharge the important duties devolving upon me with fairness and to your satisfaction, and when my term of office expires I hope to receive the approbation of you all."

After the usual business the meeting adjourned.

AGRIFFA.  
Brooklyn, May 16, 1876.

Letter from an Indiana Deaf-Mute.

EDITOR DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.—A few days ago your excellent paper made its appearance to me for the first time, and I can truly say that a perusal of its contents drew tears of joy from my eyes. I rejoice to learn that it is such a useful organ for representing the literary interests and promoting the general welfare of the deaf and dumb. The JOURNAL is full of interesting stories and news concerning all that takes place among those deprived of vocal powers. I am of the opinion that it should be patronized by those for whom it is intended as the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL. Through it they will receive all news from the silent world into their ears. The news will work their minds up to a more intelligent and active state. I would say that, as a general rule, deaf-mutes can do much better among themselves than those blessed with hearing—I speak from experience—though there are very few mutes that can succeed as well in their occupations among those of their infirmity as speaking persons.

I will give you a few important reasons why many such unfortunate persons are unable to run a successful race with their hearing brothers, in piling up such a competency as would enable them to enjoy a comfortable living and have a happy home.

I am absolutely against deaf teachers being engaged to instruct new pupils. The young minds must necessarily be under the instruction of a very learned speaking teacher, who has peculiar interest in them. Such a teacher will certainly bring them to a better knowledge of English than the most learned mute in the world. It may appear to you that I am mistaken; but I will tell you something that will doubtless drop a new idea in the deaf-mutes' teachers' field; and their teachers or those who are the supervisors of their education should carefully examine and make use of it.

It is a fact that a deaf teacher cannot

explain the exact meaning of a single word and bring the young minds to such an understanding as a hearing person can, and teach them to construct sentences of appropriate words. Unless young mutes obtain a perfect knowledge of the meaning of words they cannot find suitable ones to express their ideas.

A young class needs a thoroughly educated hearing person much more than a High Class does, on account of being entirely deprived of the ability to write good English after they have once mis-understood what a word really means. It takes far greater care to teach a class of ten mutes than one of forty speaking persons. It is hard to erase an ugly picture from their minds and put a more beautiful one in its place. So it is with the meaning of terms wrongly interpreted to the young mind. If they fully comprehend their real meaning and insure the retaining of these impressions in their minds, they will probably place them in such sentences as need them. I have thought of this for a very long time, and have often intended to bring light to mutes by means of it. I cannot refrain from speaking to you on the above-mentioned subject. I anticipate doing them some good, and shall be happy to see them on a level with those possessed of hearing.

I will send you a few items about some mutes who live where I do. In Boonville, Warrick Co., Ind., there are four mute ladies, all of whom, with one exception, are graduates of the Indiana Institution. The other has never been educated, she being about sixty years old. When she was a little girl there was no provision in this State for instructing the deaf and dumb. She professes religion and can talk by means of natural signs.

For a few weeks, people here have been called into a new field as they say—witnessing our comical performances, and the method of teaching deaf-mutes gives light to them. They express themselves as being greatly pleased with our performances. We, the four mutes, gave an entertainment at the Court House, about five weeks ago, and at Newbury two weeks ago. The performers were Misses Josie Armstrong, Arvilla Abshier, of this town, Mr. Adolphus Brizins, of Newbury, and myself.

Mr. Oliver B. Anderson, a graduate of the Kentucky Institution, came from Livermore, in that State, and paid us a visit last Monday. He is here receiving medical aid for one of his eyes, which is in a very bad condition. He has the appearance of an intelligent gentleman, and we enjoy his visit very much.

"FOR THE TRUTH."

Lytton Bulwer Hurling Defiance at Everybody.

SHALL OUR SUPERANNUATED TEACHERS RECEIVE PENSIONS?

EDITOR DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.—A good idea has struck me to the effect that the Board of Directors for every Institution for the instruction of the deaf and dumb in the State should introduce, by one way or another, a measure providing for the establishment of a system of pensions for our superannuated teachers in the deaf and dumb institutions and also set a fund for which such male teachers as have served in the institution for an aggregate period of thirty years, or female teachers (if still single) who have served some twenty-five years, shall on retiring from service, receive an annual pension amounting to not less than one-third of the salary they received during the last year of service.

The justice of this measure will, I believe, be conceded. No class of public servants serve the State more efficiently, or for a smaller compensation in comparison with the service rendered and the amount of preparation required for its performance than our deaf-mute teachers. There is no lucrative post within their sphere to excite their ambition or promise them a tempting pecuniary reward for the arduous labor of a life-time.

They have no opportunity to make provision for the period when they will be no longer able to control and discipline the young Philistines, successive generations of whom have drained away their nervous force; and their meagre salary will not permit them to lay away a sum sufficient for their support in old age.

If universal humanity recognizes the fitness of pensioning the sailors and soldiers who have devoted their lives to the defence of their country, no one can gain say the equal propriety of providing a retiring fund for those who spend themselves in more arduous labor in the education of the deaf and dumb. But, apart from the abstract justice of the proposition, it should at once be recognized and approved as dictated by considerations of the soundest policy. It is universally acknowledged that experience is one of the most valuable factors in education. When teachers are ill paid and the position is looked upon as a mere stepping stone to something higher, education necessarily languishes, for the teachers have no interest in their pupils and no enthusiasm for their work. Everything that tends to attach competent and conscientious men and women to this high vocation is a gain to the State; and a better plan could scarcely be devised than this of rewarding long service with a life-pension.

I say this not to waste space in empty self-laudation, but because the measure will be a "memorable" one and the decision which has not yet been reached, will long be remembered as the most important step ever taken, and the father of the introduction is a man upon whom the chief honor must finally rest for its final inauguration and to him a day of signal victory; and when the full fruition of this point is harvested, I trust the chronicler who shall then indite editorials in the deaf-mute organs, may remember in a fitting way, the disinterested and successful labors of the father.

It is hoped that the friends of education will unite in behalf of this proposition

tion and use all the influence at their disposal to ensure its establishment.

LYTTON BULWER.

Brooklyn, May 16, 1876.

Who Remembers?

A VISIT TO THE GRAVES OF OUR DEPARTED BROTHER AND SISTER MUTES.

(From our own Correspondent.)

How many deaf-mutes have examined the stones with "rude sculptured dress?" How many remember their departed friends? How many deaf-mutes have surveyed the beautiful panorama of the metropolis and its environs from the breezy heights of Trinity Tower? How many deaf-mutes know that the cemetery in which their mute friends lie is only ten miles from City Hall?

Not Central Park, but a cemetery, it may be said, is a serious subject to write about, and yet we think it presents many considerations that are far from being utterly repellent.

Stout-hearted as we may be now, a time is sure to come in the history of us all, when our thoughts or those of our friends, must be directed to the spot where we shall become tenants in perpetuity.

There can be, therefore, no good reason for casting this article aside hurriedly, with a strong-minded fling at those who write upon gloomy subjects, and who are dreaded, because, in the excess of their morbid tendencies, they would have the highest dignity in the land driven to their inauguration on the box of a hearse. It is an unenviable soul to whom the truth never appeals. "In the midst of life, we are in death."

And the general happiness would certainly be immeasurably heightened, could we say with Dickens, as we witness the earth-worn vestments give place to the "old, old fashion." "Thank God, all who see it for that older fashion yet, of immortality."

Our subject is not to moralize, however. We set about writing a description of one of the most picturesque of our rural cemeteries, the Trinity Cemetery, situated on Tenth Ave., between 162 and 153 streets, on the westerly terminus of the Hudson river.

This cemetery is undergoing great improvements. Standing upon the bridge which lays across the Boulevard, the panorama presented is of marvelous beauty. Skirting the village lie the green hill-sides of Carmansville, dotted with quaint brown stone structures, with here and there a stately mansion and numerous chateaux, glistening in the sunshine. Beyond, the eyes rest upon the peaceful waters of the Hudson river, and further west are seen the wood-crowned summits of the Palisades. Looking down upon the silent graves, we say, "Here lie our brother and sister mutes, whose mute lips plead eloquently. Above them wave the branches of giant oaks and stately pines, the shadows of which fall upon the green mounds like a tracing of fretted lattice work. The trees are the growth of nature's planting. Here are oaks so huge, gray and time-worn, that their moss grown trunks resemble the ruins of round towers, to which the traveler in other lands is pointed for the monuments of feudal ages. Between these trees, like ghostly sentinels, stand white monuments whose immaculate marble, chastely sculptured, appeals to our admiration.

Sad as it is, sad as it was, our departed mute friends have left behind the painful hours on earth, but worse (!) their graves have not been decorated by their "comrades" for years, and we now remind our mute friends to take some steps towards decorating their graves on Decoration Day.

AGRIFFA.  
Brooklyn, May 19, 1876.

Base Ball Notes.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., May 17, 1876.

EDITOR JOURNAL.—On Saturday, May 13th, the Silent B. B. C. of the Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf and Dumb played a match game of base ball with the Girard College club, on the grounds of the latter. From the very outset it appeared that the Girard club would come off victorious, and at the end of the 7th innings the Silent club succumbed to the Girard College club, by a score of 43 to 6. The game would have been very interesting, but for the playing of the Silents which was very poor. As it was, however, the mutes bore their defeat good-naturedly, though they had not expected to be beaten so badly. The following is the score:

GIRARD COLLEGE. SILENT CLUB.

Dobson, 1st b, 0 1 Zeigler, c, 0 1  
Adams, p, 1 7 Schaal, 3d b, 2 1  
Hoare, 3d b, 2 6 Lewis, p, 3 0  
Keoroon, c, 5 4 Devlin, 1st b, 4 0  
Shellenberger, if, 2 4 Marney, 2d b, 2 1  
Mullen, c, 2 4 Sands, r, 1 2  
Burgess, ss, 1 4 Jones, cf, 3 0  
Van Orton, 2d b, 3 2 Allabough, ss, 2 1  
Toster, rf, 3 4 Zell, if, 3 0

Score by innings. 21 43

Girard College, 5 8 0 3 18 3 6—43  
Silent, 2 1 0 1 1 0 1—6

Umpire—Emanuel Calvert.  
Scorers—Walter Vooches for Girard Club, and Charles H. Sherlock for Silent Club.

Please to give this space in your valuable paper and oblige

Yours truly,  
J. M. K.

PRIVATE SCHOOL FOR

Deaf-Mute Children!

The Rev. T. B. BERRY,

Rector of Trinity Church, GRANVILLE, N. Y.

Desires to receive into his family four deaf-mute children for instruction and home care.

REFERENCES.—Rev. T. Gallaudet, D. D., Prof. I. L. Peet, LL. D., New York, and Prof. C. W. Ely, A. M., Frederick, Md., 21-2m

PARISH.

It is with deep regret we learn of the death of Rev. Dr. Haggood, for many years the principal of Mexico Academy. For several terms he was our teacher, and he was a very thorough teacher. He impressed upon his pupils the grand idea of thinking, examining and knowing for themselves. He was opposed to his pupils taking shallow draughts, but dig deep and penetrate to the farthest extent. Dr. Haggood was a thorough scholar, a conscientious man, and, we believe, every pupil of his will revere his memory. The church likewise has lost a bright ornament.

We second the motion for a semi-centennial celebration of the Mexico Academy. How pleasant it would be to bring together the students so far as possible, who were once its pupils, also let the former teachers come, too. We doubt that there is another academy in the State that can boast of sending into the world a better class of men and women to battle in life's scenes. Many of them are in the profession, many are mechanics and many are farmers. Such a celebration will be the grandest gala day that Mexico ever saw. The management we are perfectly willing to leave to the good sense of the intelligent people of Mexico. That academy has been its glory for half a century. Let it continue to be.

A game of "dead beat" has been tried to be practiced upon the Colosse Cheese Factory. Certain parties in Chicago, unknown to us, wrote to the cheese-maker that they wished to buy the cheese during the season, and offered a large price (13 cts. per pound), and would take the cheese any time by the carload or less. A line was sent to them asking for references as regards their pecuniary ability, etc. They wrote right back to the cheese-maker, referring him to the first four National Banks of Chicago. By such boldness and assurance they supposed the patrons of the cheese factory would ask no more questions, but would send them cheese right along, but they did ask more questions. They wrote to the banks, and word came directly back that the parties were bogus, dead-beats and myths. The Chicago Tribune had heretofore published them as impostors. We have heard of individuals being victimized this kind of way, but never of factories. People have got to get up pretty early in the morning to get the start of the patrons of the Colosse Cheese Factory.

Parish, May 22, 1876.

Suicide of Henry Wesley.

Henry Wesley, who lived on what is known as "Dutch Hill" in this town, committed suicide Tuesday of this week, by hanging himself in his cow stable where he was found by his family near noon of that day. Mr. Wesley has been more or less insane for 20 years and has been in the Utica asylum twice, having returned from there in March last. His wife had been out picking wintergreens, supposing that he was with his son fixing fence, but learning that he had not been, she with her children made search and found him in his stable. He was at once cut down by one of the boys but life was extinct. Neighbors were notified of the fact and the body was carried to the house by Mr. Mitchell and Mr. Mucky. Mrs. Wesley has a large family of children who were much affected by the sad death of their father. The funeral is to be held to-day at 10 A. M. at his late residence.—Parish Mirror, May 18.

NORTE VOLNEY.

In spite of the sprinkling of chilly tears which may mingle with her sunny smiles, the grass blades are cutting their way through the ground as vigorously as ever. Fruit trees are donning their pink and white robes earlier than usual, and farmers are courageously putting the seed into the earth. Many farmers are hopeful of a more than ordinary successful season for various reasons.

The croakers who prophesied that numerous evils would befall the crops this year, will probably be obliged to try their skill at prophecy another year.

Strange that men who profess implicit faith in the promises of God, should forget that He has promised that "While the earth remaineth seed time and harvest, cold and heat, summer and winter, day and night shall not cease."

The Sabbath-school at this place commenced last Sunday with an attendance of about forty scholars and teachers. There seems to be quite an interest taken to try and make the school profitable and interesting for both old and young.

North Volney, May 24, 1876.

PALERMO.

The most pleasant month of spring is just revealing its beauty. Buds and blossoms and fragrance freight the trees and the early morning full of perfume, and bird songs are one grand doxology. Selfish and miserable the human heart which does not join the song of praise with which all nature is attuned these May mornings.

The good people of this quiet town, on Friday last, were startled by the appearance of an intoxicated man. He was leading, or rather trying to ride a sprightly young horse. He was several times helped upon his horse, but would ride only a few rods before his head would become so much "see saw" that he would lose his balance and fall to the ground. The horse would step over and around him, and was very careful not to injure his master. He came from the direction of Volney.

The Excise Commissioners of this town met and refused to grant any license to sell the "Ardent."

Palermo, May 25, 1876.

—Bishop Huntington will visit Phoenix on the 25th instant.

The First Week of the Exhibition.

The close of the first week of the Exposition still leaves in doubt the question whether it will pay for itself in dollars and cents. But its success is assured in points infinitely more important than any purely financial one. In the first place, the accommodations provided prove sufficient to insure the absolute comfort of the public. The buildings and grounds are so large that a large daily attendance does not not produce a crowd. The great concourse at the gates melts away into the vast houses; every man has breathing room, and that comfortable sense of license and quiet essential to thorough comprehension of the object before him.

Another marked success is the promptness with which the Exposition is recognized and received by the masses of our own people, not as a show but as a school. There is very little idle sauntering, except by new-comers on their first visit. In the groups surrounding an exhibit the faces of Americans, keen, alive, quick-eyed, are distinguishable from all others, and the questions asked by them are usually shrewd and intelligent. Specialists, of course, seek out their department of study; art, mechanics, agriculture, ceramics, etc. But the multitude are in search of that general information which everywhere sharpens the American mind to its exceptional readiness and facility. Western colleges already are sending up their students, mothers bring their boys, young girls from the interior jot down points for study at home; the habit, indeed, of carrying note-book and pencil is common among all classes. The French came up to their Exposition, as will be remembered by all who visited it, as though it were a grand fête; the Americans are going to make all the practical use they can of theirs.

The third point of success is that the Exhibition does not fail in any regard to supply the information demanded. The exhibits are fuller in most classes than was anticipated. European nations experienced in International Exhibitions display great skill in the completeness with which they represent their industries. In many cases maps of the physical structure of the country are hung up, with pictures of its more marked landscapes, cities, etc., which even to a child serves to identify it with the red-yellow patches on his atlas. Now its minerals, vegetables, and manufactures are before him; and representations of the houses its people live in, their carriages, clothes, household utensils, and in the midst, as a rule, a living native to explain it all. A child can learn more of the physical condition, the products, and civilization of the world from a week's visit to this Exposition than from a year's study of geography and atlas. It offers to the intelligent student the advantages of travel epitomized into brief space and time. For this reason the chance should be especially accepted by the farming class of this country, who travel less than any other. All their disadvantages, as they acknowledge, come from lack of friction with men different from themselves. The Tribune knows how large its constituency is among this class, and urges them advisedly to sacrifice part of this year's earnings and time for a visit to Philadelphia. It is not a chance likely to occur again in a middle-aged man's or woman's life. It will lift them as nothing else can do out of the dull, petty level of everyday thoughts. They will be healthier and stronger all their days for knowing how large is the world they live in and how small is their part of it.

Another feature of success is the wholesome, hearty spirit of fraternization in which Americans come up to this national rendezvous. The people meet in these great buildings with a cheerful, even joyous, good will very alien to their usual temper. The beauty and space and grandeur of the surroundings have their effect, no doubt, of temporary exhilaration; but each man feels himself a host, and is proud of the stately welcome he gives to the older people of the earth. He goes home more of an American and a wiser man than he came. What other success can the Exposition ask?—N. Y. Tribune, May 18.

—Mrs. J. M. Henderson, of Texas, is doing a very sensible thing. She has preserved copies of the Independent since its first issue, and finds them of great interest. It would be well for others to pursue the same plan, as the older papers are the greater the interest they possess.

—Hon. M. Lindley Lee, of Fulton, died at Petersburg, Va., Friday last. He was by profession a physician. He was a republican in politics, and has held many responsible positions. He was a member of the Assembly in 1848, and was in the State Senate in 1856-7. He was a member of the Thirty-sixth Congress.

—The Pulaski Congregational Church, having paid up all indebtedness of the Society, now propose to open the house for the ensuing year absolutely and unconditionally free to all persons and classes without any charge whatever for spirit rent. Rev. Mr. Douglass, also, has volunteered to preach one year without salary.

—Rev. George Haggood, D. D., of Syracuse, died at Apulia, N. Y., on the 17th inst., aged 72 years. Dr. Haggood, many years ago, was principal of Mexico Academy, and was very much liked by his students, who honor his memory to this day. For some time before his death he was provisional instructor in Hebrew in Syracuse University, and was regarded as a man of fine, scholarly attainments.

—It will be seen by a notice in another column that William D. Fort has bought Peter Didier's watch and clock repairing business. Mr. Fort is quite skilled in his business, and we wish him success.

News of the Week.

General Hawley has been re-elected President of the Centennial Commission. The Ohio Democratic Convention nominated ex-Gov. Allen for President on a paper money, inflation, free-trade platform; the New-Jersey Republicans issued a reform address, and chose an unpledged National delegation, which, however, favors Mr. Blaine; Alabama Republicans favor Mr. Bristow; the Iowa Democrats chose an unpledged delegation; the National Greenback Convention at Indianapolis nominated Peter Cooper for President and Newton Booth, of California, for Vice-President; the Kentucky delegation is solid for Bristow.

The Presbyterian General Assembly began its annual session in Brooklyn, on Thursday, with about 400 delegates present. Dr. Van Dyke was elected Moderator, and Dr. E. D. Morris preached the annual sermon on the "History of American Presbyterianism."

One white and two negroes were all that were killed in the recent Louisiana-Mississippi trouble.

Seventeen States have responded favorably to the request that they appoint Centennial orators to speak during the Exhibition.

Lord Derby's note to Secretary Fish maintains his original position concerning Winslow.

On Lake Erie, Wednesday, the schooner Thomas C. Stewart capsized, and six of the crew were drowned.

The Prospects in the Black Hills are growing worse.

The Spanish Congress has passed the article of constitution on elementary education. The article is of a distinctly retrogressive character. Under it education will be neither free nor compulsory.

At a meeting held in Plymouth church, Thursday evening, to take action on a resolution to expel Henry C. Bowen, a vigorous protest was made by his son, Clarence A. A vote being taken on the resolution it was unanimously adopted.

Four men were killed by a powder explosion at the Dupont powder works, Wilmington, Del., Saturday.

Five hundred and twenty-two houses were injured by the Jersey City dynamite explosion.

Charles Francis Adams will be the Fourth of July orator at the New York celebration.

United States troops moving towards the Black Hills, are continually meeting parties of returning miners, all of them discouraged and reporting many Indians on the road from the Black Hills. The trail is strewn with the graves of murdered white men. Ranchmen are beginning to feel great terror. Nine Indians ran into a ranch on Lodge Pole creek, eighteen miles north of Cheyenne, Friday, and fired at the people.

At Midlothian Mine, Va., Saturday, five white and three colored miners were killed by a fire damp explosion.

The President nominated and the Senate confirmed the following, Monday: Edwards Pierpont, minister to England; Alphonso Taft, Attorney General; J. Donald Cameron, Secretary of War.

A third rail has been laid on the Erie from Buffalo to Elmira, and trains from all points in the West can now run over the road to Philadelphia without change of cars.

The French Senate debated the amnesty question, Monday; Victor Hugo made a brilliant speech in favor of amnesty, but a motion to that effect was defeated almost unanimously.

Third Class Mail Matter.

It is important to all persons proposing to send third class matter through the mail to observe the following regulations:

All packages of matter of the third class must be so wrapped or enveloped, with open sides or ends, that their contents may be readily and thoroughly examined by post-masters without destroying the wrappings; but seeds, and other articles liable, from their form and nature, to loss or damage unless specially protected, may be inclosed in unsealed bags or boxes which can readily be opened for examination of the contents and reclosed, or sealed bags, made of material sufficiently transparent to show the contents clearly, without opening, may be used for such matter.

No writing will be permitted upon articles of this class, or their wrappers or envelopes, except the address or destination. Any other writing in or upon any package, or article of this class will be subjected to letter rates of postage.

Matter of the third class inclosed in sealed envelopes notched at the ends or sides, or with the corners cut off, can only be mailed at letter postage rates.

Matter of the second or third



## Facts and Fancies.

—Which is the nicest tree we know? You!

—Which is the ugliest tree? The plane tree.

—Which is the most sociable tree? The tea-tree.

—A London letter carrier has been fined ten pounds for loitering.

—Half the failures of life arise from pulling in one's horse as he is leaping.

—Three new ironclads, ordered by the Japanese Government, are being built in England.

—A brute out West spit a man's skull with a hatchet, and another brute described the wound as an ax-cut.

—When the Black Hills adventurers reach their destination their troubles are not over.

—The principal objection to female barbers is that they're too apt to turn their customer's heads.

—Cincinnati is now running "religious trains" in order to enable country people to drop into that city and attend service.

—Lord Shaftesbury announced at the British and Foreign Bible Society's annual meeting that its receipts last year amounted to a million dollars.

—I never knew a man that was bad fit for any service that was good. There was always some disqualifying ingredient mixing with the compound and spoiling it.

—A poor shoemaker at Niort, in France, is the father of forty-five children, all of whom are still living. Each of his three successive wives presented him with fifteen children.

—A Chicago wife asked for a divorce because her husband was habitually drunk. He admitted being habitually drunk, and pleaded that as an excuse for not bringing the suit himself.

—A Kalamazoo woman being told while in church that a decree of divorce had been granted her, began to sing at the top of her voice, "My country, 'tis of thee, sweet land of liberty."

—Theodore Parker spoke wisely when he said that he measured his sermons, not by the dial at the opposite end of the hall, but by the dial on the countenances of his hearers.

—A hotel in Kansas has the following notice displayed in the bedrooms: "Gentlemen wishing to commit suicide will please take the centre of the room, to avoid staining the bed linen, walls, and furniture with blood."

—Menu: we learn from the accomplished scholar of the Pittsburgh Commercial, "is Latin for fodder." It is a wise child that knows his own fodder in these foreign dressings.—Rochester Express.

—Among the decorations of the Confederate monument at Mobile, Ala., on Memorial Day, was a pyramid of flowers "from the officers of the United States army, stationed at Mount Vernon barracks, in respect to the fallen brave."

—A Wisconsin editor illustrates the prevailing extravagance of the people of the present day by calling attention to the costly baby carriages in use now, while, when he was a baby, they hauled him around by the hair of the head.

—The disgusted Britisher who concluded that the American national time was the spittoon, is revising Shakespeare for young Yankees. He has got as far as: "Tis true 'tis spitty, and spitty 'tis, 'tis true."

—A single field in Grimes county, Texas, contains 13,000 acres all under one fence without a cross-fence in it; 10,000 acres are under cultivation. Nearly the entire field belongs to one man, who rents it out to tenants at \$2 per acre.

—The time has arrived when some men trim their orchards and the stroller among rural scenes is frequently surprised to see falling from the apple tree amid saws, wax and profanity, a ripe farmer who strikes the ground with no attention to gracefulness, and starts immediately for the house and arnica.—Rome Sentinel.

—A boy, 12 years of age, has been lying in jail at Salt Lake City for a year. Having recently been brought into court, it was found that he had stolen \$2 to save himself from starvation. On account of his having been heavily chained, the Court sentenced him to a six months' confinement in the hospital, that he might secure needed medical treatment.

—As a boy was going down a street in Boston, a woman opened the front door of a house and called, "John, John, John!" As the boy paid no attention to the calls, a pedestrian said to him, "Here, boy, your mother is calling you." "No she isn't," replied the lad, as he turned the corner; "she's only my father's second wife, and I want her to understand that she can't run me."

—A popular preacher recently quoted the dream of a seer, who saw a man in great torment in every limb except his right foot. He asked why that was released. "This man," was the answer, "is being punished for his selfishness and indolence, and was never known to do a good deed, except that he once kicked a turf of fresh grass to a tethered ox standing in the hot sun, and for this one act that foot is saved from torment."

—An American girl was playing croquet in England last summer. "What a horrid scratch!" said she, indignantly, when her mallet once failed of its duty and she missed her shot. "Oh, my dear!" said an English cousin, "you should not use such slang expressions." "What should I have said?" asked the American. "You might have said," replied the English maiden, after canvassing her vocabulary for a perfectly unexceptionable phrase—"you might have said, 'What a beastly fluke!'"

## Extracts from a Letter, Written by Mrs. Howard, daughter of the late Hiram Benedict.

FONTANELLE, Iowa, April 30, 1876.

We have had quite an exciting time for a few days past. Last Wednesday about four o'clock in the afternoon, it commenced raining, then it hailed, but not much wind. It did not rain or hail but a few minutes, then the sun shone out. Then there was an awful roaring, and all at once the water began to rise. We live about eight rods from the creek, and our hog-pens are about half way from the house to the creek. A Mr. Wright came in after the shower was over, and Wright, Julius, and myself were out doors. I asked them to hear the roaring that was made by the water coming from the upland. Within two minutes the banks were overflowed. Julius and Mr. Wright ran to let out our hogs, which were then swimming in their pens. Then the men had to hurry for dear life. They had hard work to get through the water—it was almost up to their arms. The current was so swift they could not swim. The hail and sticks that floated down were a foot or eighteen inches deep. They had to walk through, and had hard work to keep on their feet, the water ran so swift. They said if they had had to go another rod further, they could never have done it. Before they could get to the house, the water had surrounded it, and I saw that I must leave and had no time to lose. I caught an old shawl and started, led by the men, I did not go quite waist deep. Then they ran around to the stable, and had to tear off the boards to get out the horses, which were standing up to their bodies in water. We had enough wood sawed, ready to split, to last until fall, every chip and board that was not nailed tight went down. Our hogs floated down the current a quarter of a mile and came up all right at one of our neighbors. We lost about ten hens, one large stack of hay, hay rack with the rest. Two hens were sitting, one of them escaped by keeping on top of the box, and the next morning Charley found the other up in a tree-top down the creek. The county had put in a new bridge this winter, that went off. The water came up six clapsboards high on the house clapsboard, and I expected that it would go with the rest. Within half an hour the water began to go down, but I did not go away until after it had lowered the width of two clapsboards. I had to borrow dry clothes for that night, and went home in the morning to a desolate place. I thought how it must have looked after the flood of olden times. There were fish, snakes and I don't know what all washed down, some dead, some alive. I hope never to see another such a time again. I can't tell how deep the water came in the house, but the floor was as muddy as though it had been spread on with a plastering trowel and both sides of my carpet were as muddy as the floor. No one was damaged as bad as we were, for we live so near the creek. People say there was a cloud that burst. Those that say it was large and black and almost dragged on the ground. The hail was very large.

—On a Woodward avenue car yesterday was a man who had looked upon larger beer one glass too much. His eyes were half closed and his head bobbed right and left as the car banged along. Opposite him sat a woman with a baby in her arms. The child looked up and smiled and the fond mother pinched its cheek and called out: "Does darling love me?" The toper straightened up, got his gaze to bear on the woman, and in a mournful voice called out: "Mi you darling! D'oes I love you? You jizz bezz your las' dollar I do!"—Detroit Free Press.

—A facetious boy asked one of his intimates what was the difference between a hardware dealer and a boot-maker. The latter, somewhat puzzled gave it up. "Why," said the other, "the one sold the nails and the other nailed the soles."

—Mrs. Gittup, of Davenport, remarked to a neighbor the other day: "My husband is the hardest man to reason with that ever lived. I had to smash up my china teapot and throw a milk pitcher through the looking glass before I could make him promise to take me to the Centennial."

**A Serious Matter!**

And one that needs well looking after, is that of getting the value of your money. Whether you pay ten dollars or forty for a suit of clothes, you want to know that it is worth that amount. Go to

STONE, ROBINSON & Co.'s,

and you will get the full value of your money. Their Stock is well selected, and kept full by frequent additions. If you wish to get a good business suit, or a nice dress suit, you will find there a large Stock of Cloths, Cassimeres, Coatings, &c., from which to select; and they are making, for cash, a reduction of from two to ten Dollars on a suit from last year's prices. Or should you wish something in Ready-made Clothing, you will find there a large stock and prices as astonishingly low.

Just see!

Boys' Cassimeres Suits, \$6 to \$12; Men's Cassimeres Suits, \$9, \$10, \$12, \$15 and \$18; and other goods in proportion.

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JOHN J. HART.

Oswego, April 25th, 1876. 27-4

SUPREME COURT—STATE OF NEW YORK.—COUNTY OF OSWEGO.

Annan A. Ballou against J. H. Rathwell and William H. Reynolds.

To the above named defendants: You are hereby required to answer the complaint of the plaintiff, a copy of which is filed in the County Clerk's office of this county, and to serve a copy of your answer on me at my office in Oswego City, N. Y., within twenty days after the service of this summons, exclusive of the day of service, or the plaintiff will take judgment against you for one hundred and nineteen dollars and eighty cents with interest from June 1, 1875, besides costs.

N. W. NUTTING, Plaintiff's Attorney, Oswego, N. Y. 29-7

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